

THE BYSTANDER



Oh, Slush!
The Bilhorn Organ.
Those Judgeships.
Campaigning on Hawaii.
Jack London, Sneak.
According to Menu.

When someone in the back of the room gave the only applause to the only antisuspension speaker at Friday's mass meeting by sibilating the monosyllable "slush" across the room, he put the official stamp of approval on a word that covers a multitude of sins. Covers them, that is, in the way that some of Chief Justice Hartwell's decisions are technically known as "broad." I am glad that the word has been publicly approved. We need some such word to go into general use.

There is plenty of slush in Honolulu, besides that on the street crossings when it rains. A great deal of it gets into the papers, sometimes in connection with advance notices of amateur theatricals. Of course, hysterics about one's intense love of country, one's spotless virtue, one's unimpeachable honor, and such, bleated in and out of season, is slush of the slushiest kind. Political campaigns are always accompanied by slush, gobs and slathers of it. Coelho's weeps, Aylett's constitutional arguments, Afonso's philosophies, and McCandless' deep-seated affection for the poor citizen are slush.

It is a good word.
Oh, slush!

I understand that ever since the Y. M. C. A. bilhorn organ was found in Theodore Richard's camp, the ministerial association has decided that no reporters are to be admitted to its meetings. This must be because the members now have an organ of their own and the use of the newspapers is no longer necessary. I failed to see the necessity for the action of the members in desiring to hid their lights under a bushel, because the Honolulu press had treated the association with the respect it deserves, until a friend of mine pointed out the manifest advantages of the bilhorn. With that for its organ, the association could play the soft pedal, if desired, pull the various stops out or shove them in, and pump what wind might be necessary. The only troublesome question that might arise is concerning the company the organ played in while sojourning on Vineyard street.

Let me see; there is a place on the federal bench to be filled, and a place on the supreme court bench, and there are Frear and Hemenway in Washington, right on the ground. Isn't that a coincidence? If I were a betting man, one of the kind that a grand jury wouldn't believe under oath, I would put my money on the pair at Washington rather than on Robertson and De Bolt, whose support costs fifty-five cents a word in cable tolls.

As the sporting editor would say, the line-up would then be: Frear, federal judge; Hemenway, supreme court justice; De Bolt, circuit court judge, with the offices of Governor and attorney-general to fill. The former office would go to the one in order of succession, but I don't know whether this would be Mott-Smith or Claudius McBride. As both are lawyers, they might draw for it and the loser move across the hall to be Lorrin Andrew's boss. A secretary would be needed for the Territory, in that event, to say nothing of a president of the board of health.

In fact, no matter how things go, there will be no lack of offices to fill any more than there will be a lack of men ready to fill them.

I want to prophecy, however, before this goes any farther, that there are going to be some surprises before everything is shaken back into position.

Just why Kubio should get into the backwoods of Hawaii and begin shouting "Liari!" at the disappearing form of Governor Frear is hard to say. It may be that the sight of the everlasting fires of Kilauea and the company of the Reverend Desha has awakened the Delegate to the sins of the Executive. It may be that he felt the peace-on-earth-Christmas sentiment that is hanging around and intended to say something nice about the Governor, but got twisted and pulled the wrong trigger. It may be, also, that Lane and Holstein drove Cupid into a trance through their combined eloquence and that he spoke in his sleep at Waiohine.

At any rate the trip was a glorious success, and those who took part in it deserve full credit for sticking to it until the last cent of the thousand dollars appropriated by the central committee to cover expenses was gone. Reports from the Big Island are to the effect that the inhabitants there cordially endorse the action of the central committee in Honolulu and look forward expectantly to some more Republican doctrine of the same brand.

My opinion concerning Jack London has undergone a revolution of late. When he visited the Islands in his Snark I had several opportunities to meet him and I must confess that his boyish face and his frank blue eyes won me. After I had listened to him speak before the Research Club and heard his denunciation of liars, hypocrites and those unfaithful to their promises, my regard for him increased. Now, I look upon London as a sneak of the first water, a thoroughly untrustworthy man and an ungrateful and untruthful boaster. This is the result of reading his two latest Hawaiian stories, in both of which he has made the worst out of the leprosy situation here, distorted facts, invented others when the truth was not grim enough to suit his purpose and thoroughly misrepresented conditions.

If London had blown in here and looked around on his own account, I would not blame him for seizing the handiest fiction topic he could find, but he was granted privileges denied to most by the authorities and given opportunities to learn the true facts in order that he might present them. It was his agreement to present only the truth that secured him permission to visit Molo'ai. How closely he has stuck to his promises can be seen in the two Hawaiian stories recently published.

London was feted as a lion while here. Now he has turned out to be nothing but a dirty little sneak.

It is said that it takes two Greeks to beat a Jew and two Jews to beat an Armenian. That may be quite true but I will wager a dinner at the Grill that a Greek will beat any of them in pure humor. I was sitting at luncheon at the Grill on Friday when clam chowder was on the bill of fare. One of the guests, at the table at which I sat, was dipping up the soup from around the single clam when Willie Savidge stepped him.

"There's a clam, waiter. Call George."

In this instance the "George" happened to be a waiter whose birthplace was in the shadow of the Forum.

"There is a clam there," said Willie. "Is it not a mistake?"

Reaching for the bill of fare George spelled out the words carefully and said: "No mistake, sir. It spells clam. If it was intended that there should be more the bill of fare would have had it e-l-a-m-e. Do you notice the difference?"

Willie subsided, for the laugh was on him. He was not expecting it.

SOME LOSS

Shopper—Rattles, An the people who live across the road from you keep chickens?

Shopper—Boy knows some of 'em, sah.—The Henkeeper.

Lone Observer in Puuhale

"The eternity of the Soul," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"Kismet," says the devout Mohammedan.

"Pigs is pigs," says Ellis Parker Butler.

The Lone Observer says that they all mean the same, and a cultivation of the spirit expressed in their combined philosophy aids materially in passing along this wreny road of life. If you happen to live in Makiki, you cultivate more particularly the slight difference from the others that lies in the "Eternity of the Soul," and you paint it on glass windows where other people can see it. This, to Makiki, is the source of much soulful peacefulness. If you happen to live in Kakaako and the roaches happen to fall into the kaukau, you merely say "Kismet" and add a little more seasoning. If, however, you happen to live in Puuhale, you find the greatest religious consolation in reflection over the sentiment which assures us that "Pigs is pigs."

This is not a treatise on the difference between the Buddhist Karmatic causality and the transmogrification theories of Brahma. Everybody attains their own Nirvana in their own way, whether it is the painting of glass windows, the selection of seasoning or the soulful contemplation of piggish peculiarities.

Yesterday the Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot went to Puuhale. Puuhale is short for pigs. Puuhale is long on pigs. This unphonious pun on King's English is necessary to give the reader the proper background for a district in which such an asset is noticeable because it "aint there."

The two itinerant explorers did not arrive at a proper perspective of this feature suddenly, but it dawned on them gradually, and they appreciated it at its fullest when they had departed the scene. Getting off the car at the government pumping station in outer Palama, the two walked makai along the Waipiloilo road and then Ewa until a salt breeze slapped them in the face and a faint suggestion of the things that were caused them to halt. Hardened though they are, there are some things which grow monotonous.

Happening to halt near a compound that bore some relation to a Zulu village, they went joyously (for everything was green and most beautiful) through the gate and introduced themselves to a celebrated hula dancer who met them. They talked with her for fifteen minutes, and their spirits rose proportionately as the sound of the government pumping station died away. To all appearances about fifty people resided in the small house, and the primitive enclosure knocked off a few thousand years. It is always nice to knock off a few thousand years and forget about the sodawater fountains.

But it is duty before pleasure always, and the Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot wended their laborious way down a railroad track and into the back door of one Fuchida. Mr. Fuchida wasn't at home, but his admirable wife (who might have followed the fashion pages a little more consistently, seeing that she was dressed in a vest and half a kimono) did the honors of the estate. Stepping out of the front door the Sky Pilot landed on a small pig, which squealed, and called to its assistance its loving mamma. Sky apologized.

It wasn't so awful bad. There was a stiff breeze blowing that blew it away as fast as it was manufactured, and there were some twenty sties manufacturing it. Anyhow, they had not enough time to dally.

Even this was not enough to dampen their spirits, so high and so effervescent were they. True, the Sky Pilot picked up a large rock while walking toward the house of a saltmaker, there being a large dog barring the way. True, also, that he picked up another rock a few minutes later. The two cozened that dog; they apologized to him, implored him, and salaamed to him; they got down on their knees and promised to be good if he would only go away. He went. A picaune, inglorious little pake came up and kicked him, which caused him to yelp and crawl under the house. They then haughtily went to the saltmaker's mansion, which is made out of four boards with frills, and decorated with phonograph and a picture of a prize fighter.

There were no pigs there. The two did not notice this at the time, but remembered it afterward. The ground was laid out in plots such as rice is planted in, only the crop is salt and the seed is water. Twenty-five acres are so planted, and Sun Sin Lee, the proprietor, informed them that he made about four hundred tons of salt a year, and received forty cents a hundred pounds. The Lone Observer is going to go into the salt business. Then they entered into the Kingdom of Puuhale.

The entrance is by a long and narrow artificial causeway made of coral and dirt. This causeway is not more than three feet wide, and extends about two hundred yards offshore for nearly the entire length of the coast from Kalihikahi to the Quarantine Island. And on this causeway there is at least a population of one hundred souls. Here and there the causeway widens to a width sufficient to hold a small, a very small, house or two.

And here are pigs. On this narrow bank is the most assorted number of pigs the Lone Observer ever saw. The people love them, fondle them, cut holes in their houses for them, and almost, the Lone Observer is willing to say, eat out of the same dishes with them. In a space five by five yards, the pink pig is born, raised and eaten. He was pink. The Lone Observer is not a nature faker, and he singled that pig out a quarter of a mile away.

The people who live here are Japanese, and the pigs are, presumably, Japanese, in the same manner that the Japanese are, presumably, fisherfolk. Everybody here makes nets, catches fish, and lives in a diminutive space, a diminutive life.

It seemed miles that the two walked and never left the low ridges. The breeze was gloriously salt and blew hard enough to make it seem desirable if the causeways were a trifle wider. Every hundred yards or so there would be a house, dingy, whitewashed, and foul smelling—and there would be a piglet sitting on its tail waiting to extend a greeting. Always the pigs. The greetings of man and beast both were grunts. The same methodical manner—pigs are methodical—applied to both, the ambitions of both are piggish. But then, as Butler says, "Pigs is pigs," and the environments are somewhat limited. Close association always has its effects.

And they rambled, and they rambled, and they rambled more, until it seemed to them that they were almost in town when they turned inland—and came out again at the government pumping station in outer Palama. The first thing they saw was two pakes carrying a roast pig on a stick.

"Kismet," as the Mohammedans say; the pig can look out for the eternity of its own soul.

Small Talks

CLAUDIUS MCBRIDE—I never travel now without a tooth brush and a stenographer.

AMBASSADOR UCHIDA—After I have read my eleven books on elocution, I may make a speech.

TOURIST—Honolulu is the most beautiful city I have ever seen—but why don't you have some sidewalks?

DICK SULLIVAN—I expect to beat my last record in the Kalakaua avenue walking race next Sunday by at least a minute.

J. B. WALKER—Considering the lack of practise, I consider that the soccer played yesterday afternoon was excellent.

W. LYLE—I believe that plenty of light sails are needed for the Hawaii. A light spinnaker and balloonier would certainly make a difference.

LORRIN ANDREWS—The Military Athletic Association has nothing settled for the near future, but we have some entries in the walking race.

ACTING GOVERNOR MOTT-SMITH—Typhoid has been increasing steadily for several years. Strenuous measures must be adopted to stamp it out.

SUPERINTENDENT MARSTON CAMPBELL—This thing of people doing as they please with government wharf property has got to be stopped. I won't stand for it.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—If the Sunday Advertiser advertises to be of colossal size (as intimated in yesterday's editorial), then it may keep our churches this, in order to find time to read. What a free Advertiser!

ED. DEEUM—Now that the new Y. M. C. A. building is assured, wouldn't it be in order to make a canvass for membership? I know of no better Christmas present that an employer can give to his employe than a year's membership to such a worthy institution.

CHILLERS

Goiter—The day I get round these links in under a hundred, I'll give you a shilling, Sandy!

Caddy—How will I want it when I'm drawin' me out-age pension?—Punch.

SIDELIGHTS

HATS.

Have you ever taken an interest in hats,—not those merry widow and bee hive and myriad of styles of ours, but the hats of the other sex? If you have not, I can put you next to a curious fact, which may be peculiar to Honolulu, or world wide, but which is a fact, just the same. The study and observation here suggested are perhaps neither philosophical nor soul elevating, resembling more nearly the grammatical and rhetorical scrap between the Bulletin and The Advertiser in being merely interesting and time killing.

Next time you are on a street car fairly filled with the lords of creation, take an inventory of the hats, and if you can use a ditto mark you are entitled to a prize such as Cook—or is it Peary?—is to be awarded, for invariably, unless you are unique in your discovery, no two of the hats will be found to be the same. Panamas, more than one, there may be,—but one, like Willie Vida's game, may be a fake, another, like Alec Robertson's boom for the judgeship, all wool and a yard wide, and a third a happy medium, with enough doubt surrounding it to keep you busy guessing. My inventory one morning this week showed a derby, of the vintage of the 80's, such as my father used to wear to church and funerals. This time it graced the head of a duck-clad Jap, and I am quite well satisfied that he was as proud of it as of the licking Russia got, even if, like Mahoe, it had been resurrected. As for felts and straws there were

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
And some were flat and some were tall
And some expressive chapeaus were; and some
Listen'd, perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Just why there are not any duplicates it is hard to tell, for in the various tatteries, and "gent's" furnishing departments which guarantee to make a gentleman of you notwithstanding your antecedents, it would seem that more than one hat of a kind should be disposed of. Just the same, if there are, they seem to religiously avoid each other after having parted company at the store.

And perhaps it may be that they are treated in the business world like moving picture films, oriental rugs and artificial eyes, and sent along an organized circuit for disposition, since few of one kind can be handled in one community.

If your eyes do not permit you to read on the street car and you have no friend on board to entertain by telling him stories, kill time by looking up the subject, and I am satisfied you will come to the conclusion that Sidelights, without the assistance of ten dollar subscriptions by the public, has good Observatory powers.

The test, however, must exclude cars on which there are twins and children from any of our various institutions going to Sunday School, and cases of soldiers, sailors, etc., where the hats are bought on the contract system, and the wearing of them is compulsory, and on those gala days, when occasional campaigns, drills and exercise by the newly discovered street car system are indulged in by the National Guard under the personal supervision, direction and control of Colonel—or is it General?—Jones.

BOOKS BY THE POUND.

To most people life is monotonous, one continual, eternal grind; with us perhaps in housework or sewing, or figuring out our calling days; with the men, in bookkeeping and lodge routine and paying bills and other equally enjoyable occupations. Break up this monotonous one of these days and go and buy books.

Don't go to the half-page advertising concerns with de luxe editions, temptingly displayed, and to be delivered on a small cash payment in monthly installments, which for some unexplainable and unaccountable reason always come due when you are broke. But go out and buy books by the pound. Take a King street car, go out a few blocks beyond the railroad depot, and then walk back. On your return, stop at every Oriental second-hand store you discover, and there are many of them. Don't be discouraged should your first glimpse into the bazaar disclose nothing savoring of literature, but search, and the chances are a dozen to one that you will find books. Look them over carefully, find what you want, and then ask for something else. Preferably you should ask for a census report of 1870, if it happen to be there, or a report of the Department of Agriculture, if it likewise turns up, and both cases are probabilities. The Chinaman or Japanese in charge will in all likelihood ask a dollar per, and when you remonstrate he will vigorously and in fishmarket style call your attention to the fact that the book is a big one. If the volume desired by you is an old-time Homer's Iliad, or a first edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, tackle him on the proposition, and you will find that he will carefully scrutinize your proposed purchase, paying particular heed and attention to dimensions and weight, and in all probability it can be purchased for a quarter.

You will find in these same odd stores, books with the names of many prominent people in Honolulu written on the fly-leaves. You will find books in every known language. You will find books concerning philosophy, and chemistry, and history, and romance, and indeed, every imaginable subject. Were there not a new chief of detectives appointed, under whose regime gambling is to be strictly prohibited, or if discovered, severely punished, I should make the wager that, nestled quite closely together, in some of the stores, you might find a copy of "Three Weeks" and an Oxford edition of the Holy Bible.

It will cost you only five cents for street car fare, and if you are really in need of books, and don't want them in heavy editions, you will make money by observing my suggestion.

SIDELIGHTS' SOCIAL CONTRIBUTION.

Are you a stickler for the arbitrary, illogical, but oft—perhaps always—observed, social rules, laws and regulations? Do you first turn to the social page of the Sunday paper to see whether you have been overlooked at some function, or perchance, to ascertain whether some social rival's absence and your presence appears? In short do you like to be considered as amongst Honolulu's four hundred?

Lay not the flattering unction to your soul that high aspirations and ambitions of this nature are the peculiar heritage of the Anglo-Saxon, for they are not. I don't know whether the Oriental papers here run a society column, but I do know that the civilizing influence of that same four hundred proposition has permeated their readers.

A couple of weeks ago, when the Japanese warship was in port, and a reception to the Mikado's subjects was to be given on board, the commanding officer handed to the Consul some 400 beautifully engraved invitations to attend. The Consul sure earned his salary when he undertook their distribution. It is true that any Jap might go, but the elect and select were those who possessed one of those quaintly printed passports of social prominence. The heartburnings caused by being passed by, and the gloatings incident to coveted possession, made the Mayor Fern luau episode look like the proverbial thirty cents.

Amongst the Chinese here resident, social distinctions are as clear cut as the best of Carlo's diamonds. Whether calling days and incident evils exist I know not, but snubs and come-backs, and retribution do, and charity doth not. As to consistency in these distinctions, my observation leads me to believe that our celestial friends have the best of us, in that, hard and fast rules or traditions or legends are supposed to govern with an iron hand, while some made by us are wholly unaccountable, and untraceable.

This small and uninteresting contribution should probably appear on the society page, but as the facts stated are perhaps not generally known, Sidelights wants the credit.

NORTH RENOMINATED.

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, December 10.—President Taft today sent the name of Simon Newton Dexter North, former director of the census and now commissioner general of immigration, to the senate for reappointment to the latter position. North resigned his position in the census office to fill the vacancy on the immigration commission caused by the death of Commissioner Barget.

WATCH FOR SYMPTOMS OF CROUP

Do not allow croup to develop. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the attack. Watch for the first symptom.

tom, which is usually hoarseness, and give this remedy freely. It should always be kept in the home where there are young children. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaiian Islands.

WILL PROSECUTE THE "HIGHER-UPS."

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, December 11.—Attorney General Wickham asks for \$50,000 to be used in the prosecution of the "higher-ups" implicated in the short-weight sugar frauds.